



HOMAN & BADGER, Publishers.

Vol. XLIV.

Maine Farmer.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Forthcoming Events.

STATE MEETING OF THE TRACTOR AND PRAIRIE SOCIETY—Adjourned meeting of the Tractor and Prairie Society at the County Hotel, Augusta, Wednesday, Nov. 1.

CENTRAL MAINE POULTRY ASSOCIATION—Exhibition at Andrew's Hall, Fairfield, December 19th.

21st. F. E. McFadden, Secretary, Fairfield.

Farmers' Convention at Fryeburg.

In another part of this impression we commence the publication of the doings of the semi-annual meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, which for the first time in its history has just held a session in the extreme western part of the State. The invitation from West Oxford has been repeated, so far as the past three years, and the great success of the meeting just held at Fryeburg—a success which no previous meeting for many years past has witnessed—is proof that the decision of the Board to go to that locality to hold a session was a wise one. The weather, aside from being a little damp one afternoon, was very mild and agreeable, and the attendance upon the meetings was large, especially at the afternoon and evenings. The subjects arranged for discussion were of special interest to the people of the locality, where the meeting was held, and from the interest awakened among the leading farmers therein, it is to be hoped a lasting good will result from the seed sown by the meeting. With good seed upon a good soil, the yield should certainly be such as will not produce disappointment.

In accordance with a provision of the statute, the students of the State College were present at the meeting to the number of about eighty. They went as a military company the "Coburn Cadets," and their march and uniform made a highly creditable appearance. They gave an exhibition drill and dress parade, to the great delight of the large crowd of spectators; and occupied a full afternoon of the meeting with a regular class exercise in the "Elements of Agriculture," reproducing an exact drill in this study which they go through at the college under the direction of Mr. Farrington. Their gentlemanly bearing, with an attention to the meeting, as well as along the line of travel, was a theme of constant remark, and they won the admiration of all who witnessed them.

They have only to "lift up their eyes" and behold themselves of by concentrating capital and labor, and soon to make what bawling and whining never did.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

What Shall we do with Maine?

Having noticed in some of your numbers the discussion on the subject, it induces me to offer a few crude paragraphs for your laboratory for analysis; presuming that you might find there some ingredients worthy of publication.

Maine is favorably situated to lead the Union, as her motto intimates; and when her citizens have learned to value her natural resources, she will. Her hydraulic powers are not exceeded by those of any other state, and she can supply the market with productive soil and stock volumes in her favor. Let us glance first at

The Water Powers.

From the Piscataquis to the St. Croix river, including the Penobscot and the Androscoggin, there are 3,151 streams; and rivulets, there are 303. The extent of Maine's water power is 303 square miles; and from east to west 288. The average head of water is 40 feet, and the fall 42 inches, would not be far from three billion cubic feet. Presuming that 40 per cent. of that water is carried off by rivers, there is 120,000 cubic feet per second, or one and a quarter trillion cubic feet, equal to 3,683,000 cubic feet per day; this passing over the \$100 waterfalls would yield 2,656,200 horse power. Having glanced at the rivers, we next next at the sea.

At Kittery Point on the west, to Quoddy Head, its eastern limits measuring in a direct line, 210 miles. But the coast of this coast is a bold shore, with a mean tide of 10 feet; thus making the rivers spoken of, navigable for many miles into the interior. Now many of these water power units are now in operation, and the rest are to be developed.

They are among the most enterprising class of persons in the country. They have

not enterprise and ambition in Maine's sons and daughters; for justly estimated they are among the most enterprising class of persons in the country. They have

only to "lift up their eyes" and behold themselves of by concentrating capital and labor, and soon to make what bawling and whining never did.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

Augusta, Maine, Saturday Morning, November 11, 1876.

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The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

A Universal Sermon.
It is time of life when here sometimes comes
A time of rest;—a day of hope will dawn,
And down to-morrow.
In truth, there is no rest;—no rest for us;
The rain fall always, many more
The bright days are far many, many more
The tempests break, now one little spot
Its wrath contains; upon ten thousand hills,
Whose sun is shorn.

Not all the stories that beat upon our head,
All earth's reverses.

All the burden of another's weight against
G. d.'s sometimes mercies.

It is true we sometimes waver in the dark
And shrink from the truth;

But when we're a gaudy hand we mark,
What leads to kind.

In all the trouble and the cares of time
There is a purpose; and the Father, good,
Will not forsake us.

If constantly our earnest work should fail.
But keep right on, for the very last
Our work will still be clear.

Nay, it may be our effort weak,
Already chosen,

And blessed of God, has matted and subdued

Known to that if in faithful toll
We do our duty.

The sun will still sometime blossom forth
A flower of beauty.

And though our hopes fall ever on the road
Of life's conditions;

We have the strength of God
For these trials.

Why should we grieve when fortune is no more,
Or when our chances seem to be disclosed?

Far, far more worth?

Who should we mourn when loved ones must die?
From those who love them,

When we reflect that angels are about,
And death is not?

It is not always best that we should have
The heart's desire;

A greater heart abides above such gifts
As we require.

And whether they be many or be few,
We shall discern them ample for its needs,

When life is over.

There is contentment let us be content,
Forgetting never,

That the love and covenants
Abide forever.

Our Story Teller.

A CAMP MEETING IDYL.

"Now, Mis' Wilder, 'bout them chick-
ens?"

"Just let me knit to the middle of my
needle, Draxy."

Draxy walked by her bunks finding
something to do in the little pause. The
things of camp were straightened, the
daguerreotypes (it was the best room) tilted
more accurately on their open covers.

Then before her came a "click-clack"
of the needle case, and Mrs. Wilder
laid down her stocking.

"The chickens—let me see."

"They do well, then kill three
of the black Polands, and bake a pie. That'll
be enough," said Draxy.

Business thus disposed of, Draxy assumed
a chair and waxed confidential.

"How many of our folks are a-goin', Mis'
Wilder?"

"I and me, and Mr. Wilder and Na-
than—and Ellen,—that's five; and Lucy's
six."

"Lucy?"

"Yes, Mr. Wilder said he guessed she'd
better, and Brother Parker paled hard
about it. He thinks she is old enough to
get religion, and ought to have it; and he
says there's no harm 'rally,' only he
wants to know what I think."

"I don't know,"—doubtfully,—“folks eat
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